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# Follow the Gleam

MARY MCARTHUR T. TUTTLE

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1911





## PREFACE.

I dedicate this study in Romance to my dear teacher, Miss Mattie Mather.

Since George Meredith wrote his "Celt and Saxon," I have put a new value upon my little Welsh story, because of the fact that Meredith made the Welsh woman to resemble charming witches; while my good fortune in knowing several representative ones, enables me to present them in a different light.

M. McA. T.

January, 1911.

## WRITINGS OF MARY McARTHUR TUTTLE.

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Types of Men and Women (A Study in Ideality)	
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Life of William Allen Trimble, U. S. Senator and Lieut.-Colonel, U. S. A. ....	1905
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### “FOLLOW THE GLEAM.”

“Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—  
Nay, but she aim’d not at glory. No lover of glory she:  
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.”

—Tennyson.

## CHAPTER I.

The water suggested a veritable sea of emeralds upon which a sudden shower of diamonds had fallen. Gaynore did not observe for her mind was very weary, how the sky looked; for the range of her vision took in only what was immediately before her. It was a solemn Sunday, that she knew; and her conscience reminded her that it was the first time in her life that she had broken down her convictions about Sunday travel; Welsh hymns in which death as an Enlarger, not as a Destroyer, but the messenger who brings us out of the narrow bounds into a wider freedom of a higher, nobler existence, came to her as she travelled this weary journey alone. Surely the dead are not far from us after all; they and I alike are in the hand of God, and although we cannot see them with our bodily eyes, they may be very close to us. Then it will grieve the one who has gone before out of the shadow of our night into the fulness of the perfect day, if I take no comfort in this life any more. Surely love, which is the highest and best of our blessings here on earth, will only be purified, not lost, in the Heavenly Kingdom; but then I have it all to battle through in silence. When next I visit Wales, of which there is no likelihood, I shall afterward chiefly stay in London, even if my friend goes to India. She and I are bent on different errands. I can spoil Judith, my little two-and-a-half year niece—fascinating little creature in her little gray coat and hood, edged with brown fur, which sets off her gold curls and blue eyes to perfection—Ah! the thought of her is the first idea which has lessened the tension on my heart strings, this livelong day. And then I will go hard to work in the Pension Office at Chelsea and that will help me too. In the winter there is so much extra looking after. I shall try to have a pleasant Christmas in spite of the gales.

These were thoughts filling the mind of Gaynore De Morois during this long Sunday Sojourn. Toward the close she became dumb, as it were, with all aspirations and inspirations lost, and when she reached her destination there was a conscious and aching unrest after a lost hope—and a more than that—

## CHAPTER II.

"You tell me you saw nothing of my country save its picturesue old Cathedral City. You may not know the tribe from whence I came were at one time sullen vassals, until a Tudor

sprang from our Welsh Knight and all was changed. Yet, we have, that is, I mean our particular family, has much of the Celtic pugnacity which was the very thing which caused, as you will of course remember, the early tribes to struggle in the mountains for their rights."

He laughed outright and said: "You presume upon my knowledge. All I know of Welsh History is, that Oliver Cromwell routed the Welsh insurgents and left their castles in ruins while he proceeded to march against the 'Scots.' These are the words of history, verbatim, I believe, which I learned long ago."

"Whom are you instructing, Gaynore?" called out her uncle, from the adjoining room. The truth was he was greatly pleased over all that his clever young niece had said and hoped heartily that she was receiving a call from a young American friend of hers for whom the uncle—a poet—had a great liking.

"Ah, I did not know you overheard us, uncle," said Gaynore, blushing, "but as you have, I shall continue to finish what I was about to say."

"You know I cannot withstand the invasion of the Anglo-Saxon—my heart is entirely his—I fear I pay tribute to his superiority. I feel a homage before his talent."

"When I return I shall hunt him up and write to you, if you will permit me, what I think of him," said her friend. "Where did you say he is now?"

Inattentive to this inquiry, apparently, Gaynore went on: "He is very Saxon. It is the fault of his relatives that he left his country. They should have counselled with him otherwise. They are people who believe in the laissez-faire course. So I must not complain even if my heart breaks. Aunt and I are going to old Chester for a few days before we try that trip on the choppy North Sea. But what satisfaction will there be for me in promenading around the old walls about two miles in circuit, or to see the projecting galleries under which we so often sat together. My heart is not now there, but over the sea."

"Perhaps I can persuade Miss Baxter to take you and cross the Atlantic when I do. I should so much enjoy showing you both some of our country."

"What a clever idea," exclaimed Gaynore, "Urge her to take it just as soon as this Semester closes; to shut up the classic halls for once and give herself a life on the ocean wave."

"Ah, it will do auntie worlds of good and as for myself, I should be too happy to live."

"Uncle," she cried out, "Uncle dear, wont you please leave your poetry just for a minute and come here!" The library door responded to the request and opened wide as a tall handsome man, with iron gray hair, dark blue eyes and thin lips, appeared.

"And what is so urgent?" With pen still in hand he bowed to the young American friend whom they all as a family had learned to like and who had travelled enough in Wales to be somewhat familiar with the country. Afraid to introduce the subject of the trip to America *at once*, Mr. Winslow said: "How delightfully recluse and peaceful you Welsh people are."

"Yes," said the poet, "but we have not escaped the common lot of humanity—disappointments, frustrated hopes, bereavement, death—nor have we escaped the 'edium of existence' as the English writers express it; but all must, can be borne, if one escapes penury, hunger and despair. I have just finished a poem including these thoughts and therefore I have not heard what you and Gaynore were saying, since she discoursed so nobly on our Celtic tribes and their struggles in the mountains. What is it, my child, that you wish now to say."

\* \* \* \*

"That I certainly understand, dear aunt," said Gaynore, the next day, to Miss Baxter. "Have I not sat at the feet of your brother, my respected uncle, and watched him bring out his poetic thoughts and admired you in your daily ministrations of knowledge to the young until I have become anxious to make a life for myself? Back relatives build up splendid walls for vines to grow upon; yet the wild rose seems to search for the brier fence. I know that I, like the wild rose, have thorns, yet auntie you know 'the heart of me' is good."

"If your uncle had heard as often as I have, your avowals of devotion to your friend over the sea, possibly he would help me to plan something which will enable you to overcome this restlessness. I shall talk with him about a trip to America for both of us now that Mr. Winslow purposes aiding our plans. I fancy I shall derive great benefit, for I should like to compare their institutions of learning with ours; their methods, I mean; and for you, Gaynore, it would be indeed charming at your age."

### CHAPTER III.

Afar off across the mighty deep where the oranges grow and the palms are tempered by the sea breeze—on a September afternoon, a young man resembling the Saxon of the fifth or sixth century, stalwart, flaxen hair, blue eyes—lay dreaming the hours away. It was not his wont—for he was a student of Nature—but somehow he was thinking of the old Monastery of which he had read in his youth which stood on the very site of the Chester Cathedral. He had been asked to come to America and tutor boys in the German language—a happy occupation and one which had given him his bread and butter and considerable contentment. But at this particular moment a fierce conflict was tormenting him, which increased upon him like a heat from a tropical sun. Had it not been for this the environment would indeed have been fascinating to him. This uncomfortable companion, a bad conscience, had followed him all the way from the east, and went with him wherever he found himself, even in his busiest moments. Somehow it had been wrong. He should have fulfilled the promise made to Gaynore and her aunt, to await their arrival; but for selfish reasons he had fled with it unfulfilled; and this he was laying upon “circumstances over which he had no control.” A good pack horse for all such worries.

### CHAPTER IV.

While the steamer *Normania* lay in quarantine in the New York Harbor, there was assembled on a certain veranda belonging to a fashionable hotel overlooking Long Island Sound, a group of gentle folks, men and women. They were dressed in the conventional costume of the season; the women wore blue serge skirts and “blazers,” scarlet, pink and blue waists; the men wore flannel shirts and dark trousers, while bright cravats, even orange hues, gleamed out in the broad sunlight. It was the hour for the morning papers and the impressions which different ones seemed to get concerning the cholera was alarming, or quieting, according to the particular newspaper which he or she read.

The woodbine swayed to and fro and twined its red, purple and yellow leaves toward the sun, as if it said: “Warm me with your powerful rays yet awhile longer and then I shall disappear. An elderly, handsome man presumed to entertain the group by telling marvelous stories of the cholera

of 1832, through which he had lived in a southern State, when a terrible panic existed amongst the colored people. As the daughter of this elderly, courtly gentleman had heard this recital from her father innumerable times before, she escaped his notice and went quietly into the large drawing room where she continued to remain quiet, lost "in meditations sweet," while her father kept up the entertainment on the veranda. Minnie Bowman enjoyed being alone to as great an extent as any girl we have ever known. But her solitude never lasted very long, as she was very attractive, and this time her friend, Agnes May, came bounding in to torment her as usual.

"Ah, Min," said she, "What are you sitting here in this stupid, ugly old room for? Do you not hear from afar a full, splendid baritone voice? Aha! And I have found out who he is—a young German staying here for a short time with those people who came over from New York on the last train."

"The last boat, you mean, I suppose," said Minnie, as her beautiful cheeks took on an added glow of color.

"Be still," said she. "Give me a chance to listen; that's a voice that stirs one's soul."

"Ah! pshaw. I didn't ask you to be so ardent! You're a curious—no, a darling coquette," said Agnes, as she put her arms lovingly around her young friend.

"I'm nothing," said Minnie, "but a superficial American girl, reared in the South, but come, as you know, of people of 'gentle birth.'"

"And still farther," said Agnes, "in order to complete your description, extremely proud of your pretty face and fine figure, and elegant toilets. Now come! Let us walk around toward the music room and see if we can manage to meet those New Yorkers."

"I suspect," said Minnie, "They're just about leaving; that's generally the way at these summer resorts. When you see people really worth knowing, they are the ones."

"Be quiet," exclaimed Agnes, as they actually reached the end of the music room from whence the sound of this fine voice came.

"Ah!" said the singer, rising abruptly—

"But wont you continue?" asked Agnes May, in her most beseeching manner. "I have just brought my friend, Miss Bowman, in to hear you."

"Very gracious," said the young Saxon, as he bowed low. "I regret it extremely; but I was only putting in my time

while waiting for the porter to fetch my satchel. My friends are taking me with them this very moment." He bowed again politely as he rushed on through the corridor with the fashionable New York people.

## CHAPTER V.

"Nothing left for us, but to walk with father along the monotonous planks which border the sea," said Minnie Bowman. "I hate a life like this—no object—simply spending the days without any sense."

"Come! Mr. Bowman," said Agnes May, "Come! Let us go walking on the plank walk; Minnie is in a bad humor."

"What's the matter now?" inquired the indulgent father.

"I'm so tired out," said Minnie, "with these lazy seaside resorts. I want to know something of more serious life than the fashionable world furnishes. They say one can find that at institutions of learning. Didn't you tell me your friends in California invited you or us to make them a visit? I wish we were going to start this very hour."

"I'm afraid you are a spoiled child—but places and money all as you say. Now that your mother is not here to enjoy life with us, I shall also have to be looking up something to interest me."

"But mother will go to California with us undoubtedly," said Minnie; "especially if we go to M——"

A few weeks later Senator Bowman, wife and daughter, were traveling toward California. He had tarried long enough in his native State to talk over the political situation with some of his constituents and satisfied himself that there was no longer a chance for so old a man as himself to take part in the arena. Out in California he found a number of old Washington friends with whom he spent most of his time discussing the vital issues of the day. He was proud of his handsome wife and daughter; and rather boastful of his wealth; and glad indeed to contribute large sums to the Institutions. George Felix Lawson, Ph. D., a man who embodied the results of much hard study, who had been so curious to see America, to experience something of life in the new world, and who had accepted a call for work offered him which seemed in a measure consistent with his dignity—(at least for the time being) became acquainted with Senator and Mrs. Bowman and their beautiful daughter. Mr. Lawson had the same curiosity which all foreigners have, in meeting the gay, fashionable, rich American girl, yet of course, his

true affections were wholly with his Celtic sweetheart whom he had known from her very childhood. For the present moment, however, it was very pleasant to talk to Miss Bowman. At the various receptions he entered into conversation with her as a student would look over a new book—its title page, its author, its preface, its opening remarks, its literary style, and finally its real contents and significance. A new face; a new book; a new country; had always had a fascination for him. He entered into conversation earnestly, industriously, with the (not wholly unworthy idea) of really learning something of the American girl's mind. They first struck Architecture as an impersonal theme. Miss Bowman remarking that the Moorish style—the low, one-storied buildings connected by continuous covered passage had attracted her at the World's Fair, more than any other, and that she hoped some day, to go to the countries where this style originated."

"We see very little of that sort in the North of Europe said Mr. Lawson. My own preference is for the Gothic, but that may be because I associate the Cathedrals with the great, old walls and ivys and the peculiar structure of windows and doors. The Norman style or as Mr. Freeman always calls it the Romanesque, is also interesting especially in the North of Italy."

"Which one of these foreign universities was your Alma Mater?"

"One that had plenty of absurdities and evils as well as great advantages," said he laughing.

"I do not quite understand how you can settle down here although I find it fascinating, and should quite like to take up my abode at \_\_\_\_\_ Hall, in that event papa and mama would stay with their friends, the Sampsons at \_\_\_\_\_."

"And what pray would you study?" quickly enjoined Mr. Lawson. "Does the American girl when left to her own free will investigate, or invent, or philosophize best?"

"I'm sure, I do not know, but I, myself should like to take an advanced degree in something quite unusual, something for instance like Celtic folk-lore"—and she put her very prettiest expression of countenance upon Mr. Lawson and laughed aloud while he blushed immensely—for he was indeed puzzled, and began to suspect that the secret of his life in relation to Gaynore, was known to those about him. But he commanded himself and said in rather an unusually animated voice: "But in that event you would but go to England and study the language and literature with Professor \_\_\_\_\_."

Somehow when Mr. Lawson went to his room late that afternoon such reflections as the following were possessing him. "How vicarious the American girl is; and they have beauty and wealth besides. What a dignified demeanor and countenance—a real beauty! Splendid pose of head—ruddy, delightful color—such superb toilets, but—like most, of the American girls I have met, she talks too much." Yet the vision beautiful somehow, continued for many hours to shut out the recollections of the quarantined "Normania."

## CHAPTER VI.

It was one of the dreariest afternoons in quarantine—the nerves of the imprisoned passengers were becoming unreliable and all resources to keep up heart were failing. No one felt more exhausted than Gaynore De Morois. She wrapped herself in her snowdon shawl and looked the picture of "Hope deferred" and the "heart sick."

"If it were not for my confidence" said she to her aunt, "that I should see him the moment we go ashore, I could bear up no longer."

"I do not intend to discourage you Gaynore but only to prepare you for a disappointment if it should come—Men are not like women they are impatient—do not be too confident. What if he grew impatient waiting, and has gone off for a few hours or days—."

"That is all tantalizing—I have his word for it."

"Yes, but you seem to forget how delayed we are, and how warm, it may be, waiting in New York, and also how expensive. He would be equal to a Knight of the Grail celebrity, like the prince who made his bed near the cave where his love was imprisoned—if he were to wait in the hot city all of these extra days when his vacation is so short and his duties arduous. If ever this steamer lands, I, for one, shall forgive him for going off," said Miss Baxter.

"That is nothing but pious twaddle, my respected aunt. Do not vex me again with such reflections."

"I know my dear, this is the most wearing of experiences. But to return to your friend you must look facts in the face. He is only a friend. He has never addressed you Gaynore, has he?" Miss Baxter had all her life been accustomed to putting the severest questions to others in instructing in the higher branches of Mathematics and awaiting prompt and exact replies. Many a girl would have refused to answer the abrupt suggestions; but Gaynore was made of splendid stuff and the warp and woof of her nature were firm.

"We are the best and truest of friends; and I should as soon think of forgetting myself, as that he should forget me."

There was a rush on deck at that very moment, and a doctor stood in the midst waving a telegram. The roar of voices and confusion was terrible, and the scene on shore was a pitiable one—fishermen and oystermen whetting their knives on their boots, threatening to cut the ropes of the vessel "if she dare land."

## CHAPTER VII.

George Felix Lawson found himself a few days previous to this growing intolerably impatient in hot New York, so he took a train for Long Island where some of his New York friends were going for a few hours and who sympathized with him in this hard experience. For the talk every where was of the Normania, and he found no relief in the topic of conversation.

"We're going to the Mountains from Long Island, said his friends. You cannot go to California such weather as this. Come with us, and write to your friends how it is. They'll get the letter as soon as they land."

He reflected. He reasoned with himself that Gaynore De Morois was a sensible girl, always ready to accept an explanation; and he really could do no good for her or for her aunt, by getting the cholera in New York or coming down with nervous prostration at Long Island. His letter would set it all right. But to accompany his friends to the Mountains, that he could not—he must and would start immediately for California for his bank account only permitted him to do that very thing, unless indeed for Gaynore's sake, he might have imposed upon it, and remained a few more days in New York. Now he must go to work—come what might—so back to California.

When he actually found himself there, he was "worried". Disturbed by the fact that he did not accomplish what he went East for, had spent his hard earned money in vain—and possibly had not acted a very noble part. At least there had been no self-sacrifice in it—he had run away from the cholera; run away from Gaynore; sought refuge at Long Island, hurried on to California to bury himself in his work, and all of this, he had consoled himself by calling it "force of circumstances." Fee! faw! fum! said he to himself, as he attempted to cut the leaves of a book while waiting for Eastern mail to come in.

To relate a solemn fact, that Eastern mail came in and went out for two long, weary weeks bringing not a word to George Felix Lawson.

### CHAPTER VIII.

As Charles Van Cortlandt, or "Elfin," as his college chums had always called him—"born of noble state and muckle worship in his native land"—was walking leisurely one day arm in arm with Felix Lawson, they heard lively voices in the distance.

"Only think of it," exclaimed one, "London claims 75,000 acres and a population of 5,000,000. What a difference between this solitary place and that great throbbing metropolis. How can he tolerate it?"

"Hush!" cried Felix to his companion, "I hear Gaynore's voice"—he sprang backward pulling his arm from that of his friend, "Can it be!" he exclaimed, as he took both of Miss Baxter's hands in his, and reached to clasp Gaynore's blushing as he did so, like a genuine Saxon.

"Then my letter of explanation has really been accepted and you have come!"

"Only an hour ago," replied Miss Baxter "We paid our respects to the Dean of the University at once—and this afternoon I must rest—but you can show Gaynore the place and introduce her to your friends. She also is very tired. What distances! What a journey!"

### CHAPTER IX.

"Can it be possible," said Mr. Lawson, as he talked with his friend that afternoon, that your aunt will only remain another day here after coming so far? It seems incredible. Yet how utterly selfish I am," exclaimed Lawson, "to imagine a woman like Miss Baxter, who has been at the head of large affairs so many years, to tarry here, and to ask a girl like yourself, Gaynore, accustomed to London, to try to become interested in a life which is wholly extraneous even to me. What could a young woman like yourself do to content herself, or to—"

"Arrange her rooms" I suppose, said Gaynore, "as to the rest do, and let them look like a rambler's as mine usually do, no matter where I am. Send my three pieces of furniture—the chair which looks as if it were made out of black beads, the corner cupboard inlaid, and the quaint old table with foot-stool attached, upon which the embroidered piece worked, by some back ancestress still remains."

"How naïve. What touches of sensibility. What unaffected simplicity still possess you Gaynore, amidst the appalling tendencies of the age." "But," continued Lawson, laughing in rather a questionable mood—"Your heirlooms would be as much out of place here as Cleopatra's Needle is in this country. Corner cupboards, are not so useful to a student as book shelves."

"But first the cupboard and then the shelves, else a cavernous darkness and disenchantment with the books. Men must have the cupboard and have it well kept, much beside the china emanating from it. As to my books, my little library which I so much value, that, as you know is made up of choice things in poetry, science and language. You remember what an unusually clever woman Mother was, interested in heaps of things, but never losing sight of the stern realities of life, even when she was buried in principles."

"And do you think you are like her?"

"How should I know, pray. I'm sure I don't know whom I'm like," said she looking up with one of her engaging smiles.

"You are very Celtic, that I know" said he turning around as if examining some folklore. "You were always a curious ethnological study to me."

"Ah! that's it? That's the point of view from which you study my character—highly gratifying—too awfully prigish, however. Haven't you come out of that dense atmosphere yet? Do you remember when you lived with us during mother's life-time you grew so pragmatic, you took upon yourself the government of the entire family?"

"Gaynore! How unkind!"

"Yes, it is really so, we used to call you what Ben Jonson calls a prig—a fine pragmatic but nevertheless you helped immensely to make up the equipage of our life. You were a generous 'boarder-lodger,' that's the word. I've taken on these Americanisms you see and can't get back to my original word."

"Yes; it was the happiest time of my life when as a student, my mother and I, lodged in your mother's house at—. This outburst of memory on your part Gaynore, makes me laugh outright. You were a mere child in those days."

"We used" continued she, "to take you shopping; do you remember? And you would haggle over the price of a commodity and you would linger over curious and odd things exhibited by the people in front of the shops, until as a child I would become so impatient that I would cry out: 'Do make him hurry; why does so rich a man care about trifles.' "

Lawson laughed again. "Do you know I was hated awfully for my luck in those days—and therefore I tried to be active, systematic, and diligent. I should have been skilled in state affairs and in the law—should have been a young barrister if all that crash had not come to our family. A chaise with a large seat and sweep of dash-board in front and a groom sitting with folded arms on the small seat, is no longer mine, Gaynore, but my head is still my own. If I was saucy in those days; if I was a "prig" the prigishness has all gone, all disappeared with the dash-board. It does not matter much—no one knows me here nor cares anything about me and I hold my own counsel. But Je vis en espoir."

"It's a wonder to me that you can content yourself outside of Europe. You have a double tie, your father was a Saxon and your mother English. If one must live in America surely New York is the best stopping place."

"It doesn't very much matter to me—one hundred students to lecture to, sounds small to a—University man. To be sure I admire all that has been accomplished here in so short a time and if I had my eight thousand volumes collected by father and motherin addition to a lot more of inanimate things my heart would possibly throb faster until the right day comes—"

"The right day for what? What can that mean?" said she with a little haughty toss of her head and dash of color in her cheek.

"I am blue to-day Gaynore, because you have come to stay so short a time. Can't you persuade Miss Baxter to interest herself here in getting up statistics or something that will absorb her attention—the English come this way a great deal."

"So my aunt told me."

"Suppose" said he, "that you had to live as I do and feed on the immense distances lying between you and the world you love, and the people who inspire you, and the woman who is your truest friend—"

"I simply would not do it," said she.

"But to run risks for ones bread and butter is romantic love. How long does it last?"

"That depends," said she.

This fragmentary talk was broken into. Miss Baxter had rested sufficiently, and had come to join them. She had reasoned with herself that she had given her niece and "Felix" ample time to talk over deliberately the problem of the future—for Miss Baxter was a great mathematician and believed that human affairs could be regulated or reduced to an exact sci-

ence. Palms and oranges and sea breezes, beautiful Architecture, she began to look upon with austerity, as to-morrow they must travel farther.

## CHAPTER X.

Charles Van Cortlandt had gone to Virginia to see his friends Homer Winslow and Louis Albermarle married—in fact he was “Best Man.” Golf and Cricket, had momentarily given place to Deer Parks. Masterfulness of intellect and character in Homer Winslow, a man reared in the habits of thrift industry, truthfulness and sobriety of thought of the simple, beautiful life of New England, coupled with the picturesque loveliness of old Virginia, had brought about a rhythm and an epoch which had left upon Charles Van Cortlandt’s mind a deep impression. With an apologetic bow for returning to California so soon, and forsaking the keen intelligence of his Yankee friend and the charming home of Winslow’s young bride, he felt himself more than ever in his life a true descendant from the Colonists of Royal Lineage—and he bade the Lord Proprietors of Virginia a reluctant adieu. “Winslow found a lovely wife,” said he to himself as he travelled over the Blue Ridge; “It’s a pity, however, that she has been taught to believe that the study of Genealogy is of so much importance. ‘The Grange,’ in Yorkshire, from whence her people came, people to be sure from whom sprang great patriots in the Revolution and five Presidents of the United States, if one believes such things—cannot give her in sober moments any happiness especially with a husband like Homer Winslow, who is always studying the economic and social future of our country—but then it’s none of my business, how they get along. The wedding was fine and I’ve had a splendid trip.”

## PART II.

## CHAPTER XI.

“\* \* \* \* And yet you said I am very Celtic. You seem to forget that the original machinery of Welsh tales was magic, and the supernatural, according to my mind, should be a magic machine able to work supernatural results.”

“What is it,” questioned Lawson to himself, “which really prevents me from falling in love with Gaynore? or am I in love and don’t know it? It is doubtless only friendship, a solemn thing, and he looked up into the azure blue of the sky

in quizzical way and down into the deep bladed grass. I suspect it was rather Quixotic on my part Gaynore to come to America. Have you so regarded it?"

In order to finish a paper for an English Review, full of heavy material—statistics, etc., Miss Baxter had decided to return by way of — after the trip she and Gaynore took to the San Gabriel Valley. "Ever since that terrible experience on the 'Normania,'" Miss Baxter remarked, "I have felt almost like a tottering wall and a broken hedge." A life full of objective interest so apart from masculine help was certainly an example of what a single woman can accomplish—and Gaynore rarely ever addressed a word to Miss Baxter unless it was prefaced by "my respected aunt."

"After the life of indulgence Felix had as a boy" said Miss Baxter, "he deserves great credit for what he has accomplished. Have you and he had satisfactory conversations Gaynore?"

"Very incomplete" replied Gaynore in an absent tone of voice.

"Dear me!" said Miss Baxter, "how curious young people are."

Benevolent, clever, interested for the good of the whole; taking broad and generous views of Institutions, of Churches, of Causes, Miss Baxter had been able in her life to realize excellent results from her untiring energies. "And here I am" soliloquized Gaynore, "hoping to be like her, and yet bound up with one selfish idea."

At the Raymond Hotel, or wherever Gaynore and Miss Baxter appeared, there was an immediate interest felt in them, for their name was that of a distinguished family, and people at once wished to become acquainted with them. Gaynore's unique humor and conversation gathered crowds about her in drawing rooms and verandas, while dear, venerable Miss Baxter's opinions, were distributed like grains of gold dust among the various people whom they met. A truly wise and pious woman—interested in every one, never despising the good opinion of the nonentities, "they are the majority" she would say, and so it was that she learned something from every one and every thing in her travels. She was a stately woman in carriage, handsome, she wore the white hair puffed on either side of the full temples, a benevolent expression, a clear penetrating eye protected by heavy eyelids. And she stood to all, as a woman who had enriched her day and generation, instead of impoverishing it.

Mr. Lawson found Gaynore in a very different mood after their return from the San Gabriel Valley. He wondered if she had taken exception to the fact that he had not introduced her to his friends. "You have not met any of the people here. I want you and your aunt to meet Charles Van Cortlandt and Senator and Mrs. Bowman. You must know Gaynore that all people of your race are conceded to be charming. You for instance have a fine candor. I wonder what you would think of the American type of young womanhood. I must introduce you to a young acquaintance of mine who by the way is a real beauty. You will admire her for that. She is Huguenot extraction, black hair, dark blue eyes, ruddy complexion, exquisite figure and clever enough! although not as we English understand it—"

"I'm glad I shall leave you in such good company."

"Perhaps she will not care for a 'prig.' "

This tantalizing way of talking seemed too much for Gaynore, but she restrained her tears, and remarked, "There are other 'prigs' who have married well."

"But how to live without you, Gaynore, is a question which has puzzled me always, and yet I concede that a man should feel a certain blindness, fascination to be what people call "in love." Our friendship has always seemed like the light of day to me—there never was any moon shine in it."

"Perhaps the Huguenots may be able to bring out the moon shine," she quickly replied.

Felix looked at Gaynore searchingly—"Did you tell me that Miss Baxter is determined to leave to-morrow? How good it was of her to come and bring you—"

"Yes: indeed, it was good! But having not yet acquired the art of making verse—only a sort of literary apprentice—you may bring ——"

"And pray what have you done, you boastful, ambitious girl. When I saw you at Newham you were going to set the world on fire as your uncle thought, actively, zealously, officiously you had taken his rod of metal, the pen, and tried to make a hole for the match in blasting—but I have not heard the sound of the blast yet—?"

"If I could have lived under your inspiration I might have accomplished something. You know the original machinery of the Welsh tales was magic." Gaynore hated herself as she said these things. She had never intended to give her utmost soul away like that.

"My head was always in books," she continued evidently embarrassed. "I was a dreamy child—with a keen interest in books that was all—"

"And I was a jolly little chap, was I not?" said he looking at her with a sad expression. "Considered myself a man when I entered college—why surely and at the summer Inns when we all went off I was a great swell. But I had no small talk for the girls. I always made fearful blunders. It didn't matter for women get tired of men who start out to amuse them."

"They used to say of me," said Gaynore, that as a child I had good traits but did not know how to make myself as entertaining as nature intended. I used to get up mornings take a glass of milk, a biscuit from the cupboard and go off with a book and be lost to the family all day until dinner. I was a non-descript, and people never judged me by the rules they applied to others. They would say, 'poor little Gaynore! What a curious child she is!'"

"But I," said Lawson losing himself in these recollections, "was excitable, full of good fellowship, fraternity spirit, so that all the boys liked me."

"Ah, well," continued Gaynore, heaving a deep sigh, "I may yet be able to make my bread and butter; my thoughts may yet run through channels of gold. A girl fresh from Newham, fond of climbing Mountains and reading Browning, ought to make her mark in the world."

"Unless you have to come down from the Mountain and run a street car as many men have had to do."

"Oh! don't be so horribly despondent! Marry the rich American girl and live in luxury; stop reading Shelley; bring your wife back to England where she will be well received—Hark! the hour strikes for me to return to my aunt; the bells of destiny are ringing the hour for us to sally forth—I triumph over my Saxon foe! Adieu, George Felix Lawson, for evermore!"

## CHAPTER XII.

It would be unjust to Gaynore to allow the reader to suppose that this dramatic adieu (all unpremeditated—the outburst of long pent up feelings and even the language itself, the stored up gems of her Celtic literature bounding out in dramatic force) was monstrous and unnatural turn to her life. It was rather the climax of patient years of suspense and devotion to this one man's whims, and ever since he failed to wait for the coming in of the Normania she had determined to live in obedience to a heroic and secret impulse of

a most individual character—the character of Gaynore de Morois. She did not suppose that the wisdom of it would ever be clear to Felix or to her venerable aunt, but as the philosophers say—"self-trust is the essence of heroism measured by the contempt for \_\_\_\_\_. Her determination was not the result of anything Mr. Lawson had said, or had not said, but because of his general manner working upon her own state of mind, setting desolating thoughts in action. The awful feeling came over her that she was an offering to she knew not what—that wretched phantom of doubt to do what she had now done was the only way to conquer. This was the means in her power, and she would henceforth foster a contempt—would shun—.

But Lawson's nature took on quite different symptoms after this electric shock which he had certainly experienced in Gaynore's dramatic adieu. He had never before felt free from the sacred friendship and influence which had warped his opinions on a large degree since his boyhood. Shortly after the abrupt departure of Gaynore and Miss Baxter, questions like these began to take form in his mind: "Why not selfish ease and pleasures instead of this mysterious solitude. Is it ignoble to marry a rich American girl and take life on the wing? There was too much of the Via Dolorosa in Gaynore but Minnie Bowman is plausible, vivid, cheering! with good conceptions of life; although she does not see the transcendent import, the greatness of the drama—as Gaynore did, yet possibly with her as my wife, I can learn to close my eyes to its startling import," and so he quieted his conscience.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Charles Van Cortlandt, one of Felix's friends, was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. By profession he was an Archaeologist. Several men of the same profession of speciality had decided to make a trip to Europe, more especially to Wales, as a good place to make some excavations if allowed; which they believed would result in astonishing Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Celtic relics. Mr. Cortlandt had been pleased to meet two such interesting and superior women from Wales, as Miss Baxter and Miss Gaynore De Morois—to whom Felix Lawson had been so generous as to introduce him, during their brief visit to California. He was much impressed by the unusual information and intelligence Miss De Morois showed in conversation.

She is a gem! a product of genuine stuff,—‘the purest ray serene’ I’ve ever beheld. And he found himself lost in the contemplation of Patroons, Palatines and other different groups of people on the globe, tribes, nations, who had contributed to the American Commonwealth. As to Miss De Morois from the first time I ever heard her talk, she was a complete fascination to me. I do not wonder Felix Lawson has loved her all these years, for they say that is the fact. These were thoughts filling Mr. Cortlandt’s mind frequently. One day meeting each other on the Campus, Cortlandt cried out:—“Hallo, old fellow,—here you are upon my word, but how haggard you look.” “I thought,” continued Cortlandt, “you would be domesticated by this time.”

“What’s the matter with *you*,” said Felix, “not half seas over, I hope.”

“Now see here Felix, you are not like yourself, since your friend Miss De Morosis went away. Where are they now, may I enquire?”

“Ah,” said Felix, “the death of Miss Baxter has surely unnerved me.”

“Miss Baxter dead? You amaze me!” exclaimed Cortlandt, “How dreadful!”

“They went from here,” said Felix, “to visit the Swancotts, relatives in Pennsylvania, and dear Miss Baxter was taken ill suddenly, only living a few brief hours, in which time she made requests, and that to my mind *the saddest*, of all; that she should be buried there where she died.” “Think of it, when Wales should and would doubtless have reared a monument to her, so eminent was her work.”

“It is a terrible blow to all who knew her,” he continued, “I was not aware of the fact that they had relatives in America,” said Cortlandt, “And in Pennsylvania, you say?”

“Yes, these people” said Lawson, “are grandchildren of one of the original Welsh missionaries who pushed Westward, it is said; preached to the Indians and had an eye at the same time for the broad and wooded acres; and while talking to the red man around his camp fire, of his hunting grounds, etc., actually in the course of time purchased 20,000 acres of their land, and established a Welsh colony just after the Revolutionary War.”

“You know the Welsh served well during the Revolution,” said Felix.

“I have always heard,” said Cortlandt, “they are very clannish people, claiming the right to think under all conditions, great love of liberty—is it not so?”

It was the first time Felix had spoken to any one of his friends since they left, and the effort he made to command himself told upon his already haggard countenance. Cortlandt wondered more than ever,—if Miss De Morois had gone back to Europe—but he dare not make such a break in his friendship with Felix as to inquire.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

It was one of our largest cities toward which Gaynore travelled on that Sunday of which we have already heard,—For she could not content herself in the surroundings where her noble aunt had died. The words of the minister rang in her ear, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; saith the Spirit; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.” She determined to go off to herself, where no one could witness her grief. She found important business letters, letters of condolence, family letters, awaiting her, to be answered. Trying to brace her mind to what was before her, she replied to one in the following manner.—Dear Sir:—“You write of my aunt’s death, for whose loss I am so much concerned, however am glad to find she has left her representatives in so good condition.

“As to my father’s children, we are but two remaining, my self and sister who lives in London and who has children. She married a Mr.——of Kavenamluch,—a gentleman of plentiful fortune. I give thanks for the kind offer of service in my affairs but as Mr. Carnavonshire will undertake the care of them I need not trouble you but remain,

Respectfully,

Gaynore De Morois.

The call from her uncle and sister to return to England, was imperative; so out of the disenchantment; out of the depths; out of the disillusion of human affairs; she called loud to her soul, her heart, “awake! arise, put on thy strength Oh daughter of Zion,” and push toward conclusions, every grain of strength must be harvested. To be well born and well educated is a great inheritance; and withall to feel the poetic fire which stirs the hearts of people. The muses have played around dear uncle and created for him a glorious life. Aunt’s splendid standards made the goal as light of pursuit as the eternal light which shown upon her face when she repeated in that supreme moment:—Ah—never shall I forget it:

"And broader and brighter,  
The gleam flying onward,  
Wed to the melody,  
Sang thro' the world;  
And slower and fainter,  
Old and weary,  
But eager to follow,  
I saw whenever,  
In passing it glanced upon  
Hamlet and City,  
That under the crosses  
The dead man's garden,  
The mortal hillock,  
Would break into blossom;  
And so to the land's  
Last limit I came—  
And can no longer,  
But die rejoicing,  
For through the Magic  
Of him the Mighty,  
Who taught me in childhood,  
There on the border,  
Of boundless Ocean,  
And all but in Heaven,  
Hovers the gleam."

"Then if uncle and aunt have been so transported in thought, cannot I become the champion of ideas some day?" said Gaynore, to herself trying in some possible way to comfort herself for all she had lost. "Who will be on shipboard I wonder? Who to take her place, in my desolate heart? The Celts who figured in fairy land and got the cup of truth and the singing branch, uncle, used to tell me, first, went to sleep. Possibly when I awake I shall better understand."

Radnor, the home of Gaynore De Morois, was situated in a wooded country in the north of Wales, surrounded by the natural growth of trees which Wales possessed away back. To the majority of people it would have been gloomy but not to the De Morois family who had abundance of brain power and largeness of heart. It was near the Snowdon range whose highest altitude is said to be 3571 feet, and the rocks around Radnor were covered on their surface with a hard gritty, slaty material, while the soil was only good for pastoral purposes. Indeed one would find interbedded with this slatey condition sometimes lava and volcanic ashes. The greenstone, quartz and porphyry and old red sandstone were

used in making ornamental shawl pins and other ornaments worn by the Welsh women. All these specimens, even the sea shells, had been carefully collected by the poet uncle and placed in a large cabinet in the home. This piece of furniture in addition to a small pipe-organ, built into the house from cellar up to parlor, seemed to be the only touches of sensibility as far as a household art goes, which Radnor possessed. It was woefully uninteresting but splendid character like the trees outside had developed within.

Charles Van Cortlandt had found his way up this densely shaded avenue, one day, soon after Gaynore's return, for he and his friends had crossed on the same steamer,—happy accident of human affairs. She had the little curly headed blond niece in her lap, when he was announced. His heart bounded high as he heard her voice,—it brought so much of America back to him and gave expression, volubility once more to his thoughts.

During the course of the long evenings conversation Gaynore said—“I no longer understand the influence acting upon men's intellects nor upon womens' hearts. I once thought I did.”

They were talking almost into the silence of the night. Gaynore De Morois and Charles Van Cortlandt,—away up there in Wales. Cortlandt suddenly sprang from his seat and took a chair near Gaynore.

“You spoke of influence—you are the influence,” he exclaimed, “you are the life of others, of society, of me! My soul melteth away for very heaviness unless you tell me you will be mine!” And with his hands lifted to heaven, he plead with her to become his wife. He told her how he had admired her and of all his struggles.

And she—once more “her maiden eyes divine” fell on the ground —and then she raised them for a moment, and smiled.

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